

CONTROVERSIAL.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

The Editors reserve the right to erase all improper personalities and objectionable expressions found in any article accepted for this department; and they alone shall be the judges.

Parvum in Multo.

BY NOSAM.

I am wondering why some one has not asked why the hymns of the Brethren's Hymnody have not been published without the music? Many of the churches in the Brotherhood have not patronized the Hymnody, simply because they could not afford it. Even those that have patronized it are only supplied with a limited number. To supply a whole congregation with the Hymnody will require a sum of money that very few, if any, will be willing or able to invest as long as a cheaper work containing all the most popular hymns can be had. There is no use in opening a discussion about the merits of the Hymnody or the expediency of publishing it in its present form. There is one undeniable fact before us—good congregational singing is very essential to good meetings. We cannot have congregational singing unless the congregation is supplied with books. Now the question is shall we have an edition of our hymns without the music, or shall we patronize other books? If I am informed correctly, there are no more of the cheaper bindings of the Hymnody left. So we have little choice but are compelled to take the dearer books or none at all. A cheap edition of "words only" would sell well. We need them and must have them. If not ours, then we will have to go elsewhere. Our evangelists could use several hundred during the winter while holding protracted meetings. A book that will sell for five or ten cents will be well patronized. Now, brethren editors, will you supply this want? I have no doubt brother Ewing will readily consent to the arrangement.

A secular paper says: "No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect so greatly as to throw mud on a circus poster." That was intended to be humorous; but there is a principle underlying it that is not confined to boys and circus posters. We often hear the mud of sarcasm and skeptical insinuation thrown at religion while institutions of the "circus poster" kind are very carefully respected and let alone. The habit of sly mud slinging at Christianity is often indulged in by many of our secular papers, while the skating rink and other doubtful amusements are not interfered with, but even lauded.

There is nothing permanent in error, there is no stability in wrong. All systems untrue to fact, unrighteous in principle are but houses on the sand of time. Truth alone can and will prevail. Time is the great regulator. As light extends and virtue grows, all schemes of wrong, political, social and religious, crack to pieces and tumble to ruin.

The latest sensation is the discovery that a large amount of genuine counterfeit money is in circulation. The counterfeiters purchase large quantities of trade dollars. These are melted and thus the metal at just the standard alloy is obtained, all ready for the stamp of the genuine coin. It is a genuine counterfeit because they are identical in size, weight and composition with those issued from the government mints. One hundred dollars cost about \$84; and when melted down will make 217 standard half dollars, which gives a profit of \$24.50. The counterfeit is not detected until it goes into the Treasury. A religious journal commenting on this, says: "It is so with human imposture. Ministers and churches and the world frequently think the hypocrite a genuine Christian, but when he appears before God he will certainly be unmasked."

It is Curious Who Give.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood, he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down \$5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grand-children to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well,

she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile, but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church the day pledges were taken for contributions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items, to find the aggregate. He went on: "There is Maria Hill, she's put down \$6; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time she joined church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where He works you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker; he's put down a dollar and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. 'Cyrus Dunning, \$4.' Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he is at work. 'C. Williams, \$10.' Good for him. He said the other night to prayer-meeting that he had been reading his Bible more than usual lately. May be he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and didn't want to be in his company.—THE ADVANCE.

Alcohol and the Heart.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar, by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "Ruddy Bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so, I said, "Count carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and ask him to count it again. He did so and said:

"Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then laid down on the lounge and said:

"Will you take it again?"

He replied: "Why, it is only sixty-four: what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said:

"When you lie down at night, that is the way Nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply that by eight hours, and, within a fraction, it is 5000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing off six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the "ruddy bumper which you say is the soul of man below."

His pupil acknowledged that this was perfectly true. He began to reckon up those figures, and found that it meant lifting up an ounce so many thousand times, and the result was a total abstainer, with every benefit to his health, and, as he admits, to his happiness. I would like those who take stimulants to give them rest, just to take the opposite side of the question into consideration, and see how the two positions fit together.

Joseph Cook's Powers.

The English reader hardly requires to be informed concerning Joseph Cook, who, if not exactly occupying the pulpit, is yet on the platform essentially a preacher. Mr. Cook's "Boston Lecture" has gained world-wide fame. Whatever may be the absolute merits of this work, the fact that a man is able to command a couple of thousand hearers every Monday morning in a city like Boston, on such topics as he treats, is a proof of power of no ordinary kind, while the world-wide audience which Mr. Cook addresses by the publishing of

these lectures is another testimony of immense significance. Many elements combine to make this lecturer popular. He has a large presence; his voice is powerful and well-modulated. He possesses a striking rhetorical power. He is well read, and is able to marshal what he knows in imposing array. Then, he deals fearlessly with his subject, and does not hesitate to strike hard and with something of a flourish at names and theories which had begun to exercise over man's mind a sort of supernatural and ghostly influence. His methods are novel. He puts science and philosophy into sonorous sentences which yet could be partially grasped by the multitude; and on the whole, it must be said that so large a combination of advantages is not often found in one man. He suddenly blazed before the public eye. There was a good humor, a dash and audacity, combined with a very real earnestness and ability, so that immediately Joseph Cook took the town by storm.—REV. DR. BEVAN.

The Mother and Her Children.

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so overburdened that the actual demands of life from day to day consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the less;" and which would you call the less, an unpolished stove or an untaught boy? Dirty windows, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in a corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habits of thought, who never felt that she could spare a half-hour to read or talk with them—I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet (there was six in the washing), one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puffs of her little girl's "sweet white suit;" thirty minutes in polishing tins that were already bright and clean; forty minutes for frosting and decorating a cake for tea, because "company was expected."

When the mother, a good orthodox Christian, shall appear before the great white throne, to be judged for "the deeds done in the body," and to give in her report of the Master's treasures placed in her care, there will be questions and answers like these:

"Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"

Ans. "Lord, I was busy keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away!"

"Where wert thou while thy sons and daughters were learning the lessons of dishonesty, malice and impurity?"

Ans. "Lord, I was polishing furniture, ruffling dresses and making beautiful rugs."

"What hast thou to show for thy life work?"

Ans. "The tidiest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all the neighborhood!"

Oh, these children! these children! The restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, with foul weeds choking out all worthful and beautiful growths? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose results reach beyond the stars?

Fleeting, O mother, are the days of childhood! Speckless windows, snowy linen, the consciousness that everything is faultlessly bright and clean, will be small comfort in that day when we shall discover that our poor boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Men that do any thing in the world must be men of strong convictions. It won't do to go through life like a hen, clawing, and lifting up one foot, and not knowing where to set it down.—MRS. H. B. STOWE.

I have no sympathy with those who would make the Sabbath a day of gloom. I would have the sun to shine brighter and the bowers to smell sweeter, and nature to look fairer on that day than on any other. I would have the very earth to put on her holiday attire on the blest morning on which our Savior rose from the dead.—GUTHRIE.